

# MERRY MARCELINE'S MAGIC MIMICRY A MARVEL

Entertainer of Kings, Delight of Peoples, Idol of Children, Who Has Won Title of World's Greatest Clown.

In the year 1886, or about that time, a boy used to be seen in the streets of Barcelona, Spain. He was a stocky youngster, with strong arms and legs and keen black eyes that sparkled with fun and mischief.

He was always up to pranks, and his mother would frequently look at him and say, "I don't know what will become of that boy."

When his father came home from work in the evening he would get a strap and lead the boy to the woodshed. Then the father would try to whip the boy, but the boy was too quick for him.

He would dodge the flying strap, and, wriggling from his father's hold, leap through the window and run down the street as fast as the wind, turned flip-flops, handspins, and somersaults so quickly that all the horses were frightened, and even the dogs put their tails between their legs and ran for dear life.

One day the boy climbed up a tree, and as a Spanish policeman passed under it he tried to catch the policeman's hat with a hook, but, unluckily, the branch on which he was sitting bent over so far that the boy fell on the policeman's head and broke his nose.

Before the policeman could arrest him the boy flew home and climbed up the chimney. They looked all around for him, under his bed, in the woodshed, and everywhere, but they could not find him. While they were looking, the policeman whose nose had been broken exclaimed, "If I ever see that young rascal, I will shoot him."

This so frightened the boy that at night, when it was very dark, he climbed up the chimney and ran over the roof, leaping from house to house until he was out of danger; then he slid down a lightning rod and ran all night long until he came to a little Spanish town called Zamora.

There was a big circus there called the "Circus Allegria," and the boy asked the ringmaster for a job. The ringmaster said:

"What can you do?"

"Anything," said the boy.

"Can you turn three handspins with one stop?"

"Five," said the boy.

"Do it," said the ringmaster.

"And the boy did seven instead of five, which was the ringmaster's admiration."

"You're a funny looking little fellow," said the ringmaster, "so I think we better make a clown out of you. What's your name?"

"The boy hesitated for a moment and then said, 'Marceline.'"

Now that was not his real name, but he was afraid if he told his right name the policeman might catch him, so he gave the name "Marceline."

When the boy appeared in the tent and played his funny antics, the crowds on the benches screamed with laughter, and instantly he became a great favorite.

Then he traveled from country to country, making millions of people laugh, until finally he became the greatest clown in the world, and went to London, where, for five years, he was the idolized clown of all England.

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Dundy saw him in London, and Marceline made them laugh so hard that they gave him a big sum of money to come to the United States, and make people laugh at the New York Hippodrome.

His doing all these years, since he was a boy clown in Spain, no one has found out Marceline's real name. Only his mother and father know who he is, because he writes his mother every day to let her know that he is well and happy.

When the curtain rises on Marceline's Hippodrome Company, pandemonium ensues: off, stage, everybody wonders what the trouble is. "Marceline!" "Marceline!" the stage hands yell, and Marceline makes his appearance on a bucking mule.

**Marceline and the Circus Men.**

Marceline tries to help the men, but he gets in everybody's way and is a regular nuisance. He trips over ropes, falls over mule, bumps into the big circus men, and gets knocked down so many times that it is a wonder he does not break his neck or bump his head.

But that is where Marceline fools you. Every time he falls he just catches himself in the nick of time to avoid a painful accident.

Every now and then he gets tired trying to help the circus men and amuses himself by spinning his old hat on the end of his finger, or balancing it on the bridge of his nose. Just as you think he is about to drop it, Marceline ducks his head and the old hat lands right on top of his red hair where it belongs. If Marceline ever loses that hat he will have a hard time finding another one like it. It can do more tricks than any hat you ever saw.

Once, Marceline almost gets hurt. It is when he is standing in the middle of a big mat and the circus men want it. They are in a great hurry and Marceline won't get off, so they pull the mat from under his feet so suddenly that he shoots up in the air like a skyrocket. But just as you think he is about to come down on his neck and break it, he gives his head a quick twist and lands on his ear instead. Marceline has the strongest ear you ever saw. He can stand on either one of them.

When the circus men fix the ring they run off the stage as fast as they can to get out of the way of the horses. Marceline chases after them with such a funny run that by this time everybody has pains from laughing so hard.

Marceline gets into his biggest scrape when the clowns come dancing in. They have immense hoops made of white paper and as big around as a man is tall.

They dash across the stage, yelling at



A LITTLE SUPPER AFTER THE SHOW—

the top of their voices. Then, they break and chase Marceline, but he beats them all running and they can't catch him.

When the clowns are out of breath Marceline comes back and picks up a hoop and starts to skip, but the hoop gets caught between his legs.

A circus man, who is collecting the hoop, so the horses won't fall over them, grabs Marceline's hoop and pulls it suddenly from between his legs. This throws Marceline down, but he jumps up as quick as lightning and runs after the circus man, who has the twelve hoops under his arms.

Marceline jumps on the circus man's back and they both fall down and get all mixed up in the hoops and roll around the floor, like a dog fight, and all you can see is arms and legs and hoops.

Every time they get up they fall down again. But, finally, Marceline gets up and runs away with the circus man's cap, which makes the circus man so mad he can't see straight.

It is so funny that everybody almost splits laughing.

This is Marceline's first appearance in a novelty indoor circus outside of New York. He comes here almost direct from his wonderful engagement of seven consecutive years in New York and previous in that five years in London, England. There has never been a theatrical star that has played in New York as long as Marceline. This idea, which is new and novel, was written especially for him. The whole show, with wonderful acrobats and dogs, ponies, monkeys, bucking mule and horses, bareback comedy acts, singing and dancing girls on wire and trapeze, riding prima donnas, and Marceline comedy band and orchestra, etc., will be seen here for the first time.

Marceline is so funny that you can't help remembering him, and when you go home and get into bed you are bound to wake up laughing about the funny things he did.

He is surely the funniest man that ever was.

His real name—when he isn't turning somersaults on the stage—is Marceline Martin, and he says that he is not related to the cocktail, although it's a good friend to a clown—"it makes 'im feel so happy."

He is something over four feet, and he looks even smaller in his well-fitted dapper gray street clothes than in the loose, burlesque dress suit of the clown.

He is very dark—his family were Spaniards—and his hair is as smooth as if painted on his head. A big diamond, in an old-time setting, adorns one of his short fingers. He is serious of mien, and when he talks of his work, his home in England, and of the incredible rapidly with which hard-earned money melts when a clown plays cards or puts an occasional bet on the horses, his quiet gravity betokens modesty and frankness to an engaging degree.

In London they call him Marceline, the children's idol, because he has been at the London Hippodrome eight years and in Christmas pantomimes here. His stay in New York has been equally as extended, and he is said to be under contract for life at the famous New York Hippodrome.

To the average London child he is a far more interesting object than the tower of the King himself, and after each matinee performance the little "droll," as he calls himself, receives a bushel of letters from the younger portion of his audience. Most of the girls want him to come and have tea with them on the lawn in a tent that they pretend is a circus tent. They promise him tarts and coffee, and hope he will wear his awfully funny evening clothes. "But please don't wear your false nose," adds Miss Goldlocks.

"There won't be any company—just us children, so you can come in your own nose and be comfortable."

Arthur Applebeck takes his pen in hand to ask Marceline if he doesn't want an apprentice. Arthur is sure that he could be useful. He has practiced in the orchard and 'off the banisters, and he can get more tumbles without crying than any boy he knows. He would work for nothing during the summer holidays, and he would, also like to have Marceline's autograph for his collection and a few picture post cards, if Marceline has any handy. To oblige him he had his picture photographed on 6,000 postcards and autographed them all. He hasn't one left.

**His Only Public Speech.**

One day the London Hippodrome gave a matinee for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. Two thousand boys and girls crowded to see the jugglers, the horses, the ballet, and the clowns. After his turn the little Spaniard who drops his hat was applauded so vociferously that he had to step into a box and talk to the house full of goldenlocks and applebecks. It is his first and last public speech, for the little clown is as short on words as inches, and he never utters a word at his performances. He says that he is thus enabled to play in any country and in every language.

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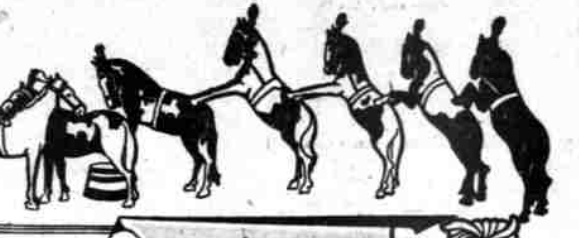
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ner or see that the horse was in order. Marceline believes that Englishmen are apt to be rough husbands, but he thinks that the much-vaunted American article is rather a "bit too silly" in the way he indulges his wife. It was suggested

it was a wilderness of old boots and old bottles—more like a junk shop than a garden. It is all a-blooming now, though, and the miasma takes a great pride in it. Then he slipped on a piece of soap on the stage and dislocated the other shoulder—but that didn't keep him home either. Marceline has no children, but he says that if he had any he would bring them up as tumbler and acrobat, but he thinks the boy who runs away with the circus is a very foolish kid. He will be worked to death, beaten, and starved, perhaps, he will have to sleep and eat in a tent, and the wind and rain will come in, and he will think of his mother and his home and be sorry that he ever ran away, not to mention the fact that he will probably never make a hit, and even if he does not get to make any money, as the glitzy of the show business is all on the animal wagon and the posters. Then, when he gets old, he will become stiff and unable to perform, and he will be poor and will have to go into vaudeville, and—



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After securing an engagement with the famous Circus Rents, in Berlin, about thirty-five years ago, he proved to be so encouraging. "We can't see through such a mess," said the surgeon plaintively. "They hide the bones completely." So Marceline went back to work and the shoulder took a year to get well. Then he slipped on a piece of soap on the stage and dislocated the other shoulder—but that didn't keep him home either. Marceline has no children, but he says that if he had any he would bring them up as tumbler and acrobat, but he thinks the boy who runs away with the circus is a very foolish kid. He will be worked to death, beaten, and starved, perhaps, he will have to sleep and eat in a tent, and the wind and rain will come in, and he will think of his mother and his home and be sorry that he ever ran away, not to mention the fact that he will probably never make a hit, and even if he does not get to make any money, as the glitzy of the show business is all on the animal wagon and the posters. Then, when he gets old, he will become stiff and unable to perform, and he will be poor and will have to go into vaudeville, and—

The little clown looked as if he were going to weep—just as clowns and punchinello do in French ballads and Christmas stories.

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